VOL. 44 NO. 1129 JUNE 6 1903 PRICE 10 CENTS

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Judge

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Judge

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
AT THE PARKER BUILDING,
FOURTH AVE. AND NINETEENTH ST.,
NEW YORK.

WESTERN ADVERTISING OFFICE—*828 Marquette Building, Chicago, Ill.*

Terms to Subscribers.

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One copy, one year, or 52 numbers	$5.00
One copy, six months, or 26 numbers	2.50
One copy, for thirteen weeks	1.25

Including the CHRISTMAS JUDGE.

FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS—To all foreign countries in the postal union, $6.00 a year.

EUROPEAN SALES-AGENTS—*International news company, Bream's building, Chancery lane, E. C., London, Brentano's, avenue de l'Opera, Paris; Saarbach's news exchange, Mainz, Germany.*

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SOME unkind critic has had the temerity to say that Grover Cleveland is the Peter Parley of his party.

* * *

IN THE bright lexicon of the man who is asked if he would accept the presidential nomination there is no such word as no.

* * *

THE presidential attitude of that ancient fox, euphemistically known as D. B. Hill, may be said to be figuratively, if not literally, a silence within a silence.

* * *

THE Democratic party, having had two strokes of paralysis in Bryan, is naturally, to dodge a third and final stroke, keeping its eye on the six-chinned philosopher of Princeton.

* * *

THE graceful and dainty political orator who belongs to the word-painter class is usually so fine a combination of color-hurler and impressionist that his hearers, though rapt and beside themselves with excitement, cannot for their precious lives quite make up their sorely-puzzled minds as to whether he is sky-high over their heads as an artist or if they are simply word-blind and color-deaf.

* * *

THE FIGHTING PROPENSITY of ball-players on the field does not indicate the fact that they fight for the sake of fighting. It means that they strive for victory, and therefore take an interest in their business that is anything but common among the knights of the ledger and yard-stick, who work for their salaries only. Probably the ball-players fancy that if they pursue a dignified course on the diamond it will be interpreted by their club-managers as apathy and indifference, and result in their being replaced by women, who could be relied upon to evince a lively interest by opposing the umpire with arguments at once tempestuous and ornate, unless gagged. The kicker, as he is familiarly called, evidently regards the game from the point of view that is a combination of self-protection and financial solidity. Therefore his professed love of fighting and wrangling, which is done that his children may have shoes and corned beef, is no worse than that of the lusty member of the stock-exchange, whose yawping is but the means to a similar end.

* * *

THE JEW has been having a pretty hard time of it lately in Russia, a country that has always been noted for its extreme cruelty and unique barbarism. The Russian wolf is in spirit a brother of the czar, although it is not at all complimentary to the lupine quadruped to make such a comparison. There is a limit to the wolf's appetite—he knows when he is satiated as well as he knows what constitutes a feast. He does not kill for mere pleasure or to gratify a fiendish whim, or from motives of hatred, pure and simple. And when this is said the argument is pretty conclusively proved that the czar outwolfs the Russian wolf rampant on his native heath and snowdrift. It seems strange that any self-respecting, level-headed Jew should ever consider Russia as a fit land in which to live when these United States are lying around loose with open doors, on whose mats the word welcome is deeply blazoned. If they have the vim and fighting quality of their ancient brethren they should gather themselves together and gird up their loins and lay their enemies out cold, and do their utmost to crush the Russian bear and reduce him to the vaseline cocktails of the realm—the national beverage that warms but never inebriates.

* * *

THE UNITED STATES has so long been a common dumping-ground for the slums of other countries that many Americans have become so familiar with the fact that they have practically ceased to regard the matter seriously. We may now be said to live in the picturesque enjoyment of the finest assortment of thieves and cutthroats extant—an assortment beside which our red men are paragons of refinement and culture, not to say honesty of purpose and intention. That these foreign scions of ignobility have a value in the concrete when considered as fertilizer cannot be gainsaid. But the agricultural point of view is sadly dimmed by the fact that these members of the bomb-throwing contingent arrive and seem to have the to them happy faculty of staying alive. If human rats are at a premium, this country can congratulate itself upon being a veritable El Dorado, as it now has a collection drifting about at large that cannot be equaled for all-round good-for-nothingness by the inmates of all our state-prisons combined. It does not look as if they are ever going to be of any good to the country, and it is a great pity that they cannot be deported, like so many coolies. If there is no law by which they may be reached, it would not be a bad idea to form a vigilance-committee, whose business it would be, not to maim or destroy them, but to drive them out of the country with soap and water, such as is used to kill bugs on plants—a combination against which they would never stand unless chained.

A QUICK FINISH.

CHOLLY—"Mr. Bellinger, I have called to ask you for your daughter's hand. She is a credit to her sex."
MR. BELLINGER (*late of Sioux Falls*)—"Say, young feller! you might as well understand now that I never give credit."

* * *

THE LILACS now are bobbing in the zephyr
That fans the horsefly off the brindled bullock,
And down the street Susanna and Myrtilla
Go gayly forth in quest of that great beaker
That in their lexicon 's an ice-cream soda.
The straw hat is on deck, and eke the shirt-waist;
The weather 's waxing hot; and while the billow
Is breaking on the shore in sad, sweet music,
And through the straw, in juicy joy, the julep
Unto our weary soul itself annexes,
We count the days unto our brief vacation,
And stand upon our head in rosy rapture
And kick and shout and think we own Olympus.

HELPFUL ADVICE.

"I AM surprised," observed the demure lady, "that you should take offense at my general remarks."

Inasmuch as she had been saying things about the inherent stupidity of men who wore chin-whiskers, and the gentleman to whom she was addressing her remarks wore a beard on that section of his face, he felt called upon to say that he believed she had meant him.

"Oh, well," she sniffed, "if you persist in taking that view of it, all I can say is that you ought to do as I do, and if the shoe fits you"—— She finished with a knowing shrug of the shoulders.

He looked at her feet casually—quite innocently, in fact.

"If the shoe fits you," he mused as if to himself, "do not ask what size it is."

She tried to walk out with airy disdain, but it must be confessed that she was not altogether successful.

HIS ROLE.

"I SEE that de Rantem is going to be a star next season," observed Brutus Futlites to Beatrice Litefuts.

"A shooting-star, no doubt," commented Beatrice with that spontaneous wit which has made her press-agent famous; "for I understand he is to have the leading rôle in a wild-west drama."

CONCEITED?

MRS. NEWWED—"What are you thinking about, Tom?"
MR. NEWWED—"About the dearest person in the world."
MRS. NEWWED—"Oh, you conceited old thing!"

BAD SIGN.

"MA POOWERS are failin'," moans the famous writer of Scotch dialect stories.

"Hoot, laddie!" says his friend in cheerful tones; "ye're aye muckle better than ane weel cud expect frae ye."

"I dinna ken," sighs the author, albeit he brightens somewhat at the kindly words; "I dinna ken. 'Twas but the day I writ soom deealect whilk I somelike felt I onnerstood masel'."

Shaking his head dourly, he endeavors to devise a new way to misspell things.

QUALIFIED.

Superintendent (of gas works) — "What do you know about laying gas-pipes in the street?"

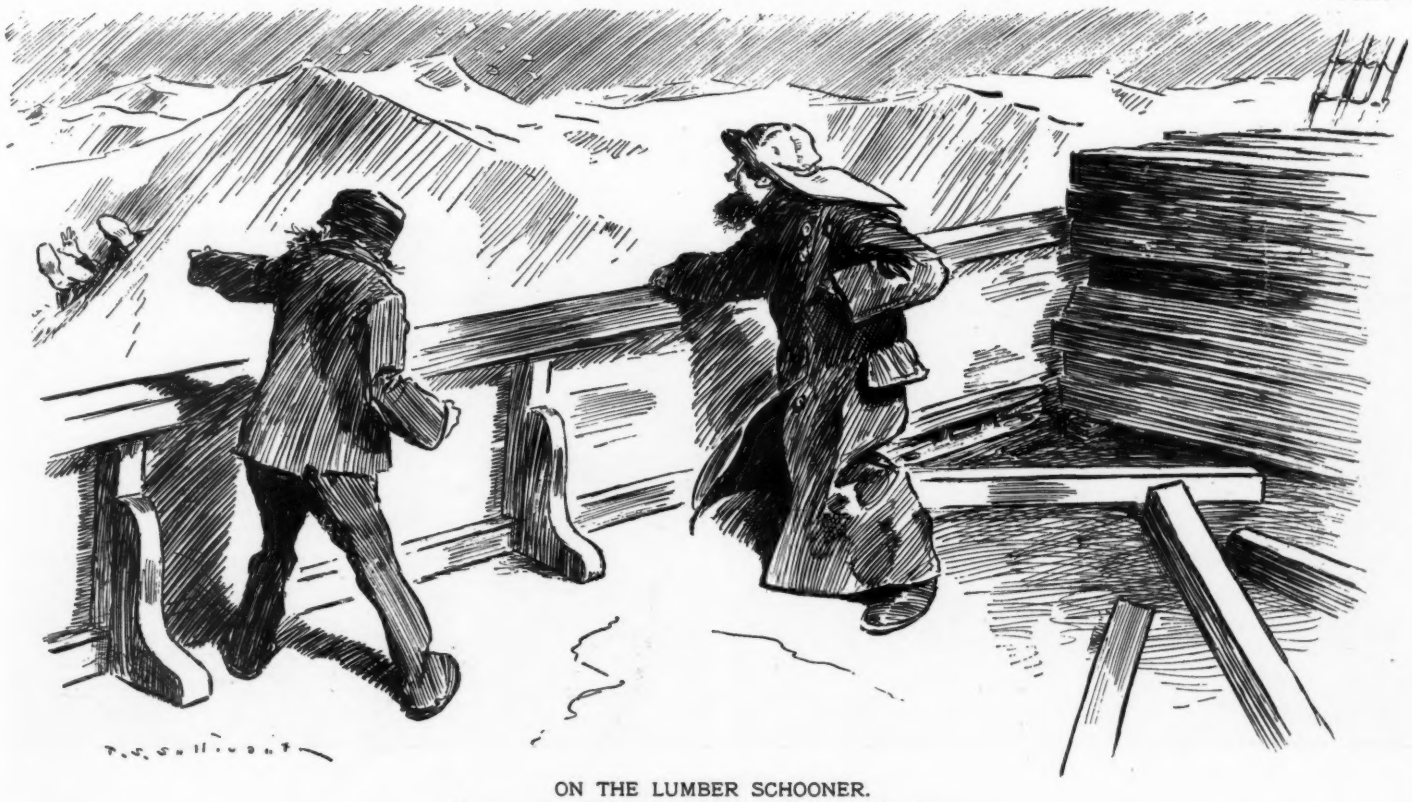
Applicant (for place as foreman) —"I know they hadn't oughter be laid until the street has just been repaved." He got the place.

WHERE HE WAS.

"YES," sighs the mother, "I am so often worried about my boy John. You have no idea how much concerned a mother is when her son is on the tented field."

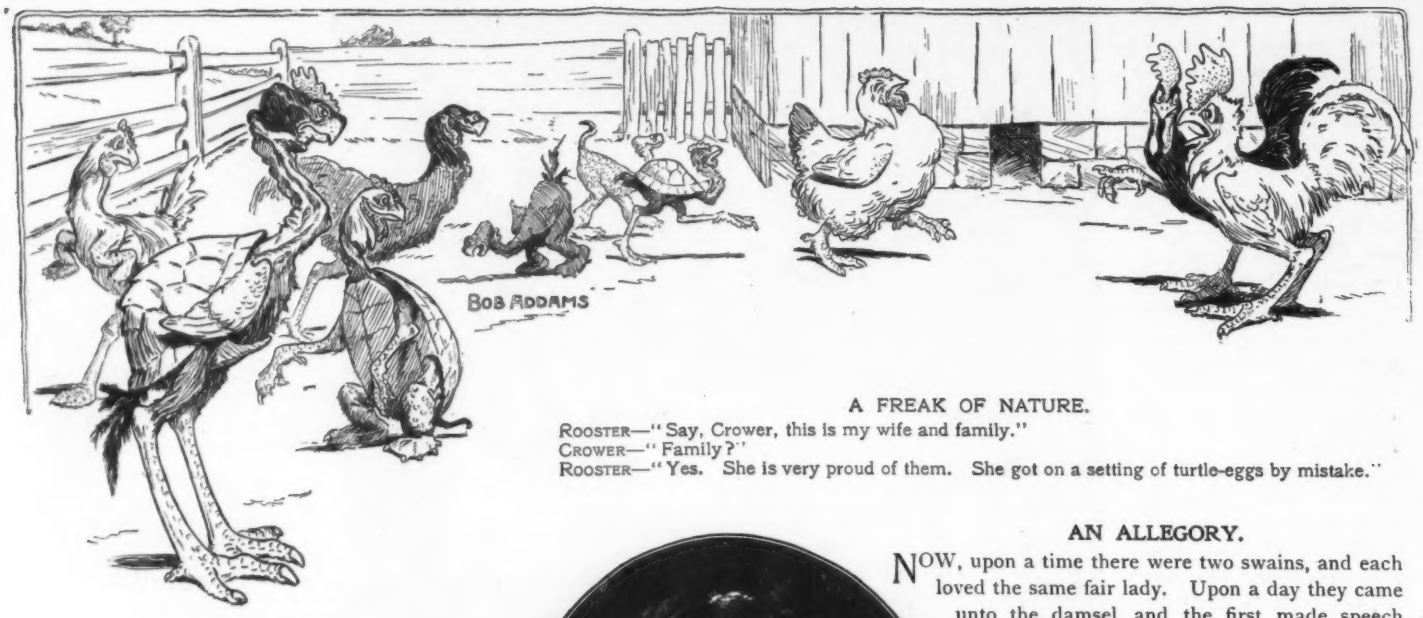
"Ah!" says the sympathetic listener. "And what regiment is your son with?"

"Regiment? Oh, he isn't with the army—he has gone out with Hoop and Holler's circus and aggregation of allied astonishments."



ON THE LUMBER SCHOONER.

FIRST MATE—"The cook has been swept overboard, sir!"
CAPTAIN—"Hang her! I knew she'd leave without warning."



A FREAK OF NATURE.

ROOSTER—"Say, Crower, this is my wife and family."
CROWER—"Family?"
ROOSTER—"Yes. She is very proud of them. She got on a setting of turtle-eggs by mistake."

IN EARNEST THEN.

"I HAVE noticed," said the off-hand philosopher, "that a woman will get a golf-dress when she has no intention to play golf."

"That's so," agreed the man with the incandescent whiskers.

"And," continued the off-hand philosopher, "she will get a ball-gown when she cares nothing about dancing, and a tennis-dress when she wouldn't play tennis for fear she will freckle, and a bathing-suit when she has no thought of going into the water, and a riding-habit when the very thought of climbing on a horse gives her the chills, and"——

"Yes," interrupted the man with the incandescent whiskers; "but when she gets a wedding-dress she means business. Ever notice that?"

NO LONGER RESPONSIBLE.

Major Dix—"Do you think it's going to rain to-morrow, Uncle Isham?"

Uncle Isham—"I dunno, honey. It's mighty hahd ter prognosticate. When de Lawd had charge ob de weathah I could tell sumfin' erbout it; but sence dis yere weathah-bureau dun bin runnin' it Uncle Isham 's had ter gib it up."

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

MAUDE FEALY.

We see her gayly spin and spin upon her dainty toe,
And that's the moment that our dreams with sunshine overflow,
Until we swing our arms and shout, "She is the sort of spice
That paints our fancies red and makes the ticket worth the price!"

AN ALLEGORY.

NOW, upon a time there were two swains, and each loved the same fair lady. Upon a day they came unto the damsel, and the first made speech unto her, saying,

"Behold, I am consumed with the fires of devotion for you. I would go to the ends of the world for you."

Whereat she responded, "Go." And he went out in great happiness, believing that when he had sought the end of the world he should have her hand.

Then came to her side the second swain, much cast down in spirit and exceeding heavy of heart.

"Oh, fair one!" he sighed, "I would not go to the end of the world for you, but I would go to the end of the world with you."

"Come," she said.

This teaches us that the way to make 'em happy is to make 'em happy with us.

A REAL LIMERICK.

O'TOOLE was blown up in a quarry.
He yelled, while he rose, "You'll be suarry.
Oi've helt to me drill
An' Oi'll kape it until
Oi'm ready to come back b' guarry!"

"ARE you a good all-round girl?"
"Shure, mum, it's all round the town Oi've bin in the lasht two months."

IF SLANG WERE EXACT.

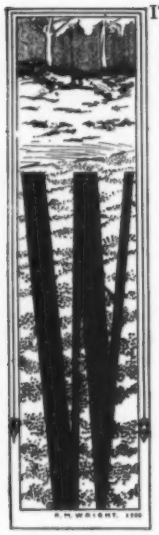
"I hear, Ferdinand, that you have become a member of the six hundred."
FERDINAND—"Ah, yes, Maudie; I am strictly——

——in the swim!"

SHE OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN.

"Was she happily married?"
"Very! Why, her trousseau alone cost over six thousand dollars."

A BALLADE OF CHERRIES.



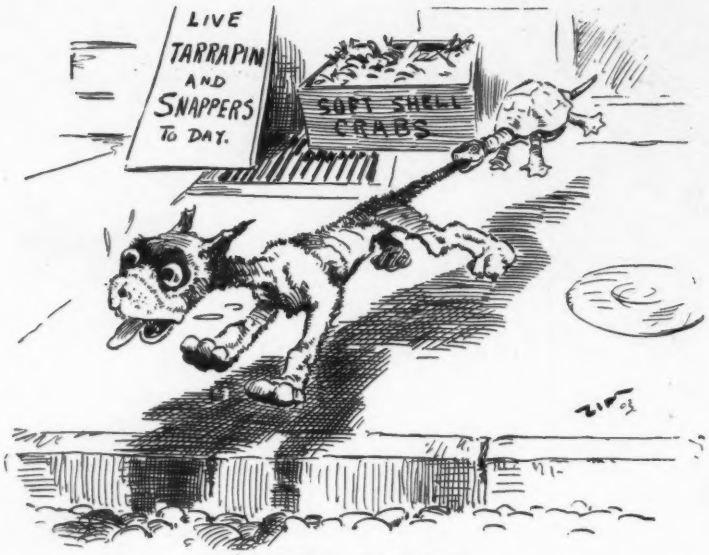
WITH shreds of fruit upon his bill
A robin takes his saucy ease
Upon my sunny window-sill
And seems to say, "What days are these!"
The whole blithe household 's in the trees,
Sir Oxheart's new, rare wine to try.
I scorn al fresco gluttonies—
Give me my cherries in a pie.

Preserves that darkened pantries fill,
And jam in crystal treasuries—
Call these delicious, if you will,
And turn on them your surest keys.
I shall not mind. Tarts may appease
An eager longing by-and-by;
But while they swing in June's soft breeze,
Give me my cherries in a pie.

Sweet as nectarean drops that spill
From clover-blossoms for the bees
Are those strong waters they distill
From cherries far away o'er seas.
Quaff maraschino to the lees,
And sip your kirsch with spirits high,
To quench my thirst I'd have you please
Give me *my* cherries in a pie.

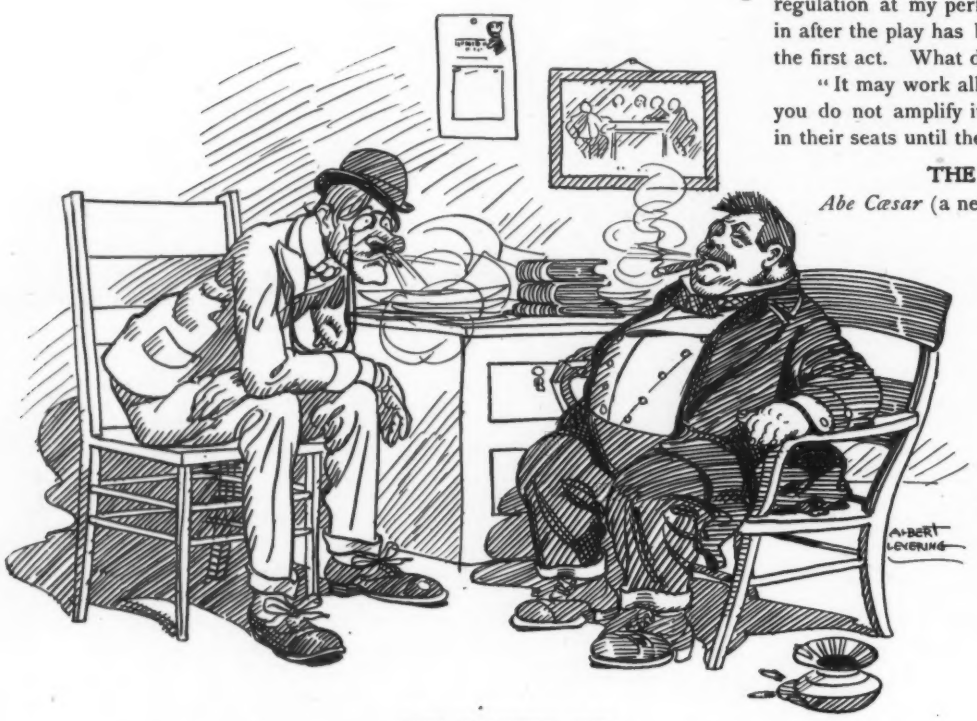
Nay, tempt me not, I beg, Cerise!
(I'll be consistent if I die).
Your lips! Take them away, you tease!
Give me my cherries in a pie.

EDWARD W. BARNARD.



A MATTER OF CHOICE.

THE CUR—"Wow! I don't know what it is fastened to my tail, but gimme a tin can any old time."



THE UNLUCKY ONE.

JONES—"This talk about Friday being unlucky is all nonsense. My wife accepted me on a Friday."
SMITH—"But how about your wife?"

MUST NOT GO TOO FAR.

"I BELIEVE," said the eminent actor, "that I shall inaugurate a regulation at my performances by which no person who comes in after the play has begun may take his seat until the close of the first act. What do you think of that plan?"

"It may work all right," said the candid friend, "so long as you do not amplify it and try to compel your audiences to stay in their seats until the close of the play."

THE LIGHT THAT FAILED.

Abe Cæsar (a new recruit)—"Yes, brudders an' sistahs, I's lef' de serbice ob ole Satan. I's now a bright an' shinin' light on de Lawd's side."

Skeptical listener (in back seat)—"Den pay me back dat fo'r dollahs yo' owe me, 'less yo'r no bettah dan a dahk-lantern."

OF COURSE.

"HE DIED very suddenly?" asked the widow with a note of suspicion in her voice. "Did he die a natural death?"

"Cuht'nly, madam," replied the gallant Kentucky colonel who had broken the news. "With his boots on, madam."

CONSIDERABLY CHANGED.

"BUT you once said that I was the apple of your eye," she pouted.

"Maybe," he responded; "but you have been evaporated."

1. THE PROPER PROPERTIES FOR THE WOULD-BE COMIC ARTIST.

'Rastus. John Bull. The anarchist. Our Celtic cousin.

BOB WHITES.

IS'EN to de lonesome quail
In de comin' ob de night,
Callin' to his mate ter cum
To de nest ob lil' Bob White.

Heah him call, an' den he wait
Fo' de answer, out ob sight;
Den he pipe agin an' say,
In dat lonesome way, "Bob White."

Den de sun pull down de blinds
On de glim'rin' ob de light,
An' de cricket in de bresh
Serenade pooh lil' Bob White.

'Spec' Bob feered ter pipe sum mo'
In de hushes ob de night;
So he hide behin' he wing—
Cricket sing, "Go sleep, Bob White."

Dar am udders in de wu'ld,
Settin' in de glim'rin' light,
Wondrin' why dar mates doan' cum—
Jes' laik lonesome lil' Bob White.

Gauger—"I heard he was a crank—a vegetarian."
Pritchard—"Oh, he is worse than that—he is a health-foodarian."

NO DIFFERENCE.

"Gimme a pound uv tea."
"Green or black?"
"It don't mek no difference—it's fer a blind woman."

WHEN TO GET MARRIED.

"Isn't she too young to get married?"
"Oh, yes. She won't come into her fortune for two years yet."

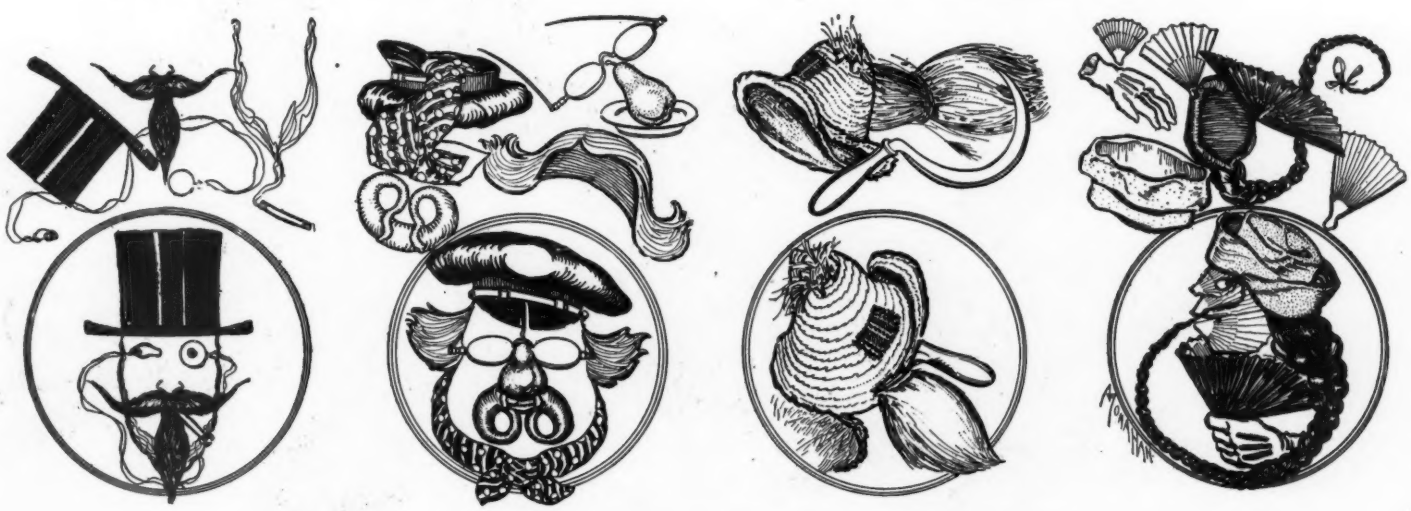
WORK BEFORE PLEASURE.

"IF YOU will come to the links with me to-morrow," says the friend to the energetic author, "I will be glad to give you your first lesson in golf."

"Sorry, old man," apologizes the author; "but I will have to stay at my desk. I'm finishing a contract for a series of golfing stories for *Grabbler's Magazine*."

A CHASER.

REGINALD took the tabby cat
And decked her out so gay
With stripes of divers tints and hues
That he was moved to say,
"When father sees you he will think
You are a pousse café."



2. THE PROPER PROPERTIES FOR THE WOULD-BE COMIC ARTIST.

The French count. Our German friend. Uncle Rube. The laundry relative.

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THE UNRESTRICTED

Sackett & Wilhelms Litho & Prg Co. New York

RICTED DUMPING-GROUND.

THE ADVISER.

IF YOU'VE something you must do,
Waste no time in hesitating;
Push the matter quickly through
With no dallying or waiting.
All the hindrances that loomed
Will be found to have diminished
And a tame aspect assumed
When the effort you have finished.

Yes, the man who will succeed
Is the one who jumps and hustles;
He is always in the lead
As into his work he rustles.
Trouble 's always here to lend
If you seem inclined to borrow——

* * * * *

I can't think how this should end,
So I'll finish it to-morrow.

W. D. NESBIT.

TOO BAD!

SHAKESPEARE was at the height of his glory.

"But," asked Anne Hathaway, "why do you look so gloomy? Aren't the editors all accepting your stuff?"

"Yes," sighed the bard; "but I will never have the opportunity to write poetry for a breakfast-food concern."

Losing all his energy, he went into the dumps, wearing a scowl that wouldn't come off.

SHE KNEW HOW.

"I AM afraid," suggests the theatrical manager, "that you cannot take the rôle of the fairy prince. You see, it calls for a lady who is rather plump in figure, while you—well—er—ah—well, you are lacking in some of the essentials."

"Oh," smiles the experienced comic-opera prima donna "I can make up for that."

WHAT RILED HIM.

WIFE (*sobbing*)—"You used to say I was a dream."
HUSBAND—"Yes; but I didn't know your money was."

POSTPONING TROUBLE.

Grandma (severely)—"Johnny, if you leave those bread-crusts you'll see the day when you'll want them."

Johnny—"Well, when I wan't 'em I'll eat 'em."

1.

MR. FUSSIE—"Ah! a button off my vest. Well, I'll not bother the dear girl the way some men would. I'll say nothing and sew it on myself.——

2.

——The idea of saying that a man can't thread a needle! I'll show you how easy it is.——

3.

——Blame the thing! What's the matter with it?——

4.

——I'll jab it through this time or know why.——

5.

——!!!!!"

6.

MRS. FUSSIE (*bing!*)—"I'll teach you to yell out and wake the baby."

HE DIDN'T WANT TO DISTURB HIS WIFE.

Tom—"I can't help asking my fiancée occasionally why she loves me."

Dick—"Me, too. Mine always gives me a very satisfactory answer."

Tom—"That's so? What does she say?"

Dick—"Because."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

Ring-manager—"What is all that howl about over there in the side-show?"

Roustabout—"The sword-swallower accidentally got a toothpick in his throat."—*Baltimore American.*

Dr. A. Groyen, Royal Medical Staff, Berlin, recommends Angostura Bitters as follows: "These bitters are the most powerful stomachic and nervine which we possess, and, therefore, may be warmly recommended by medical men."

Hark! In the dark watches of the night they could plainly hear footsteps in the kitchen.

"Burglars!" he exclaimed, hastily covering up his head.

"Oh, Henry!" sighed his wife; "I wish I had your faculty for looking at the bright side of things. I'm sure it's that Brown woman trying to entice my cook away."—*Kansas City (Missouri) Independent.*

Good health is real wealth—Abbott's the Original Angostura Bitters is a veritable fortune to the weak.

Young bride (looking over the new house)—"Why, Herbert, do you call this little pigeon-hole a shoe-closet?"

Young husband—"My love, that will hold a hundred pairs of shoes of the size you wear."

Young bride—"Well, perhaps you are right. It's neat and cozy, any way."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Packer's Tar Soap

is pure, mild, invigorating and antiseptic. It soothes while cleansing, and for more than a quarter of a century has been The Standard

For the Hair and Skin

The Packer Mfg. Co., 81-83 Fulton St., New York.

Highest Grade Havana Cigars

Manuel Lopez & Co.,

9-11 Thames St. - New York

35-37 Randolph St. - Chicago, Ill.

Which is the more valuable, your life, or your goods and chattels? The latter you are sure to insure; that which gains them, your life—well, you didn't think of it that way.

PENN MUTUAL LIFE,

921-3-5 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Bingo—"I read in the papers that the sultan has had the guards around his palace trebled."

Jingo—"Yes; and they're likely to be quartered next."—*Baltimore American.*

"If you please, Mr. Billings, can I get de afternoon off? Me grandmother"——

"Too thin, me boy. Just died, hasn't she?"

"Who—me grandmother? Not much, she ain't. She promised to take me to de ball game dis afternoon if I can get off."

"You can go, my boy."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

A pure juice! A natural ferment! The ingredients which compose *Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne.*

"Well, is married life all that it is painted?" asked the girl.

"Not quite," replied the bride, with what her friend later declared she was almost sure was a sigh. "We've been married three months now, and during that time Jack has spent but four evenings at the club."—*Syracuse Herald.*

Husband (angrily)—"I never saw a woman as hard to please as you are."

Wife (calmly)—"My dear, you forget that I married you."—*Chicago News.*

"I should like to get a license," remarked the lady in the Chicago city-hall.

"Dog or man, please?" asked the busy clerk.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Piano-teacher—"Don't you think, Mrs. Smith, that your daughter plays with a good deal of expression?"

Mrs. Smith—"I never noticed that she said anything when she was playing; but I am sorry to say that some of Mr. Smith's expressions at times are simply frightful."—*Boston Transcript.*

You may be an Ale drinker, but it takes

EVANS' ALE

To make you an Ale connoisseur

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, 5th Ave., cor 22d St. Only salesroom in Greater New York.

Wm BARKER CO. TROY, N.Y.

LINEN COLLARS & CUFFS ARE THE BEST BUY THEM.

You will get more prompt attention and better service by mentioning JUDGE when answering advertisements.

GINSENG Book free, telling how to invest in the Ginseng Industry and double your money. F. B. MILLS, Box 60, Rose Hill, N.Y.

No better Turkish Cigarette can be made

Egyptian Deities

Cork Tips as well

An editor of a small paper recently stated that he had been kissed by one of the most beautiful married women in the town. He promised to tell her name in the first issue of his paper next month. In two weeks the circulation of his newspaper doubled. But when he gave the name of his wife he had to leave town.—*Fourth Estate.*

F. Hopkinson Smith—"'The Under Dog' is always sure of sympathy. What now? Painting, building, writing, or thinking?"—*Baltimore American.*

WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK

GENERAL WESLEY MERRITT, U.S.A., *says:*

"I have for a long time used your Shaving Stick and found it better than any other I could procure."

Its great convenience, as well as the comfort and luxury it affords, commends Williams' Shaving Stick to all travelers by land or sea.

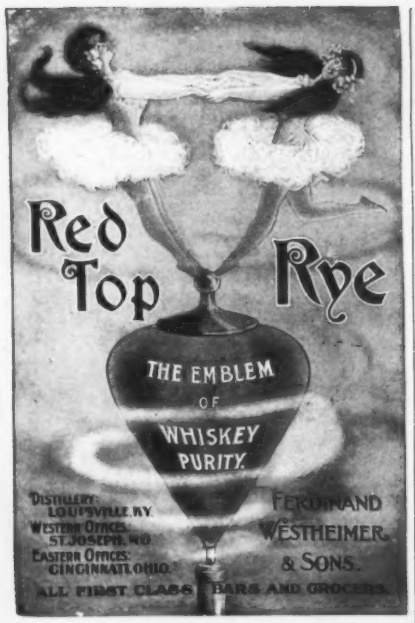
Price, 25c. Of all druggists

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn.

LONDON PARIS BERLIN SYDNEY

J.L.G.

San Francisco—Four Days from New York or Boston—By NEW YORK CENTRAL.



The WHITE ROCK high ball has a smack of its own

"What do you put on your face after shaving?" asked the man who smelled of bay rum.

"Court-plaster, usually," replied the nervous chap gloomily.—*Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.*

Nell—"Is she a soeiety woman?"

Belle—"Yes, indeed. She belongs to no less than eighteen societies for the suppression of as many things."—*Philadelphia Record.*

If you want to know the time "ask a policeman." If you want to know where to go for the summer ask a New York Central ticket-agent, or send a two-cent stamp to Daniels, Grand Central station, New York, for a copy of "America's Summer Resorts."

De Ranter—"Ah, I saw you in one of the boxes last night. How did you like my assumption of Hamlet?"

Criticus—"Let me congratulate you, old man. It was the greatest piece of assumption I ever saw."—*Chicago News.*

COOLNESS WITH COMFORT

Jaeger Pure Wool Underwear

Absorbent and Protective.

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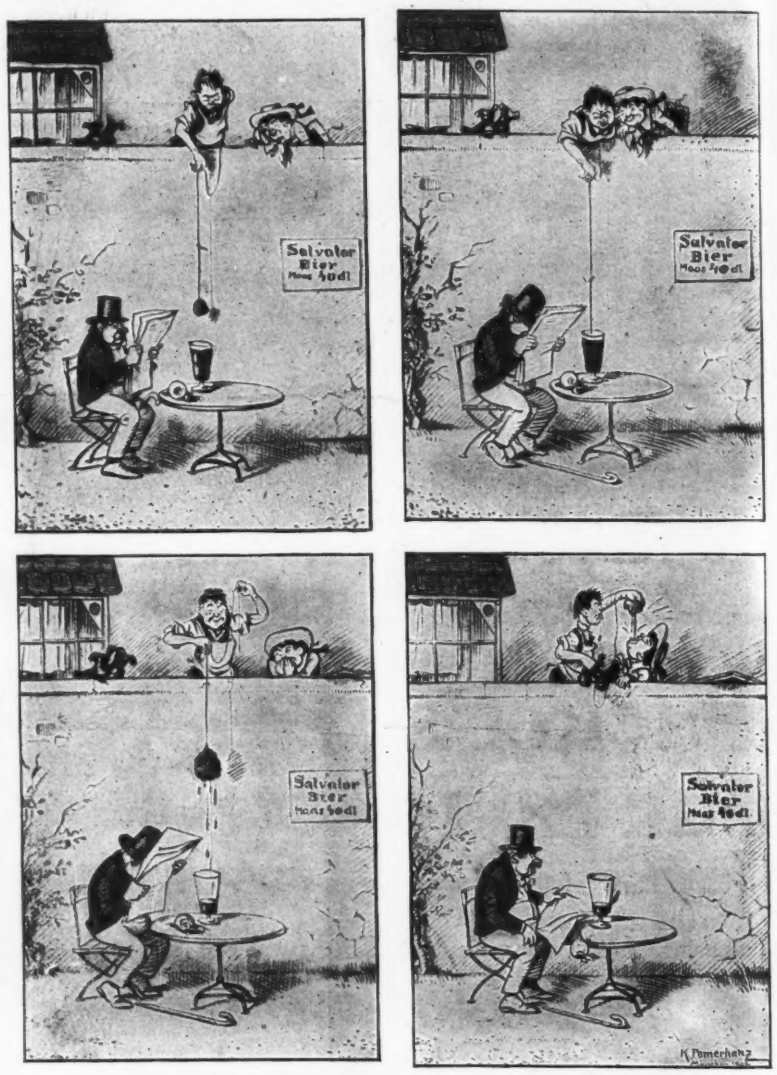

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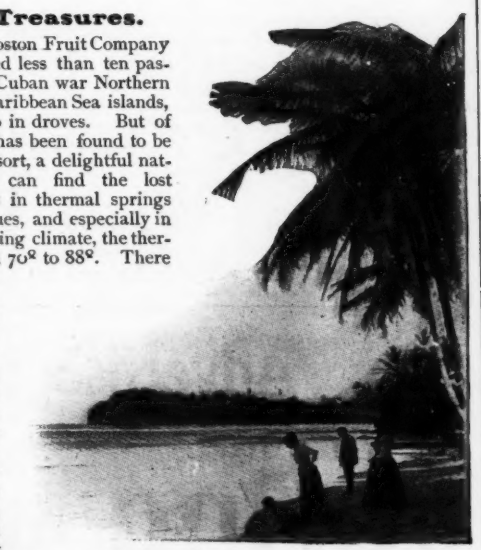

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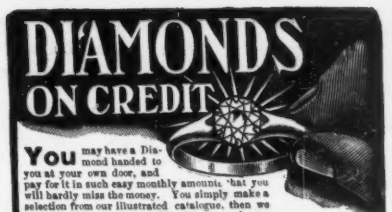

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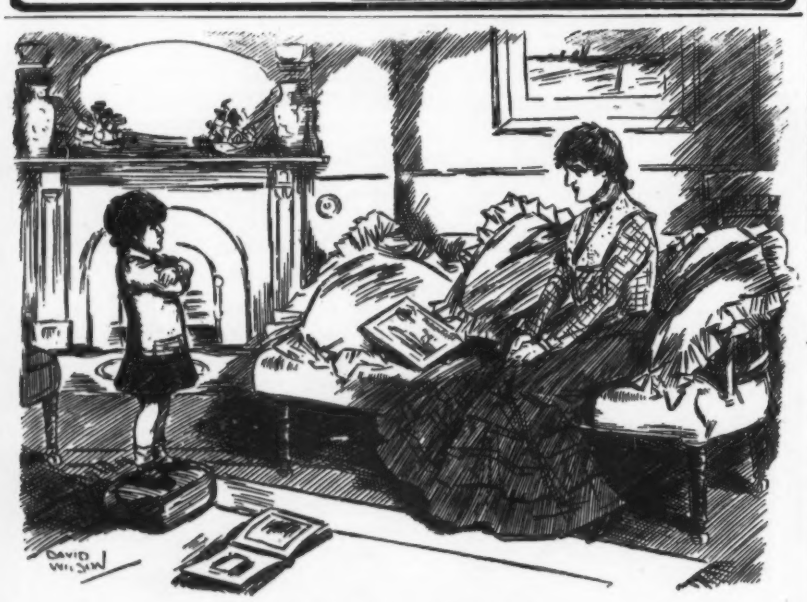

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Bobbie—"Yes'm; but I don't believe everything I hear."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

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"Yes, and I wish he had sent for me sooner."

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Miss Youngun—"What was it?"

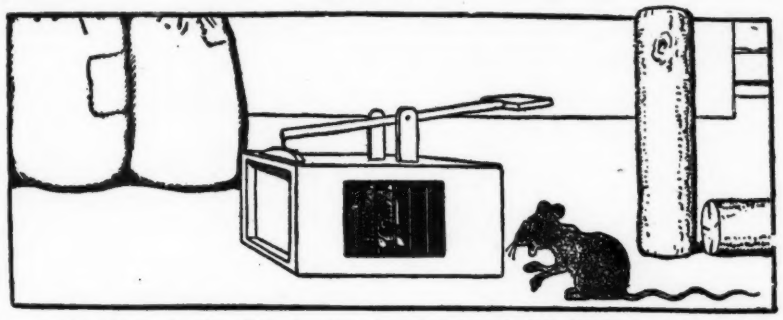
Miss Elderleigh—"He asked me why I had never married."

Miss Youngun—"Oh, then he evidently never saw you in the day-time."—*Chicago News.*

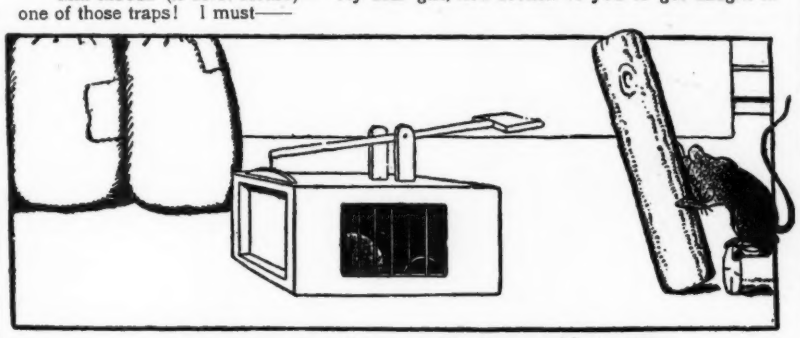
Clara—"What came between you?"

Chloe—"Oh, he showed so much impatience with Fido."—*Detroit Free Press.*

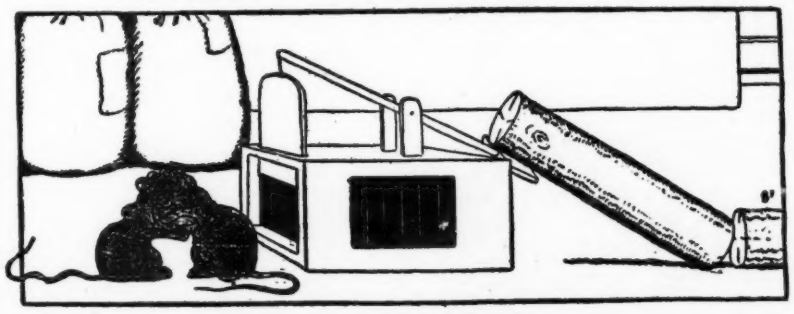
SAVED AGAIN.



MR. MOUSE (*to Mrs. Mouse*)—"My dear girl, how foolish of you to get caught in one of those traps! I must——



——get a log of wood and drop it on the spring, and have you——



——out of that."

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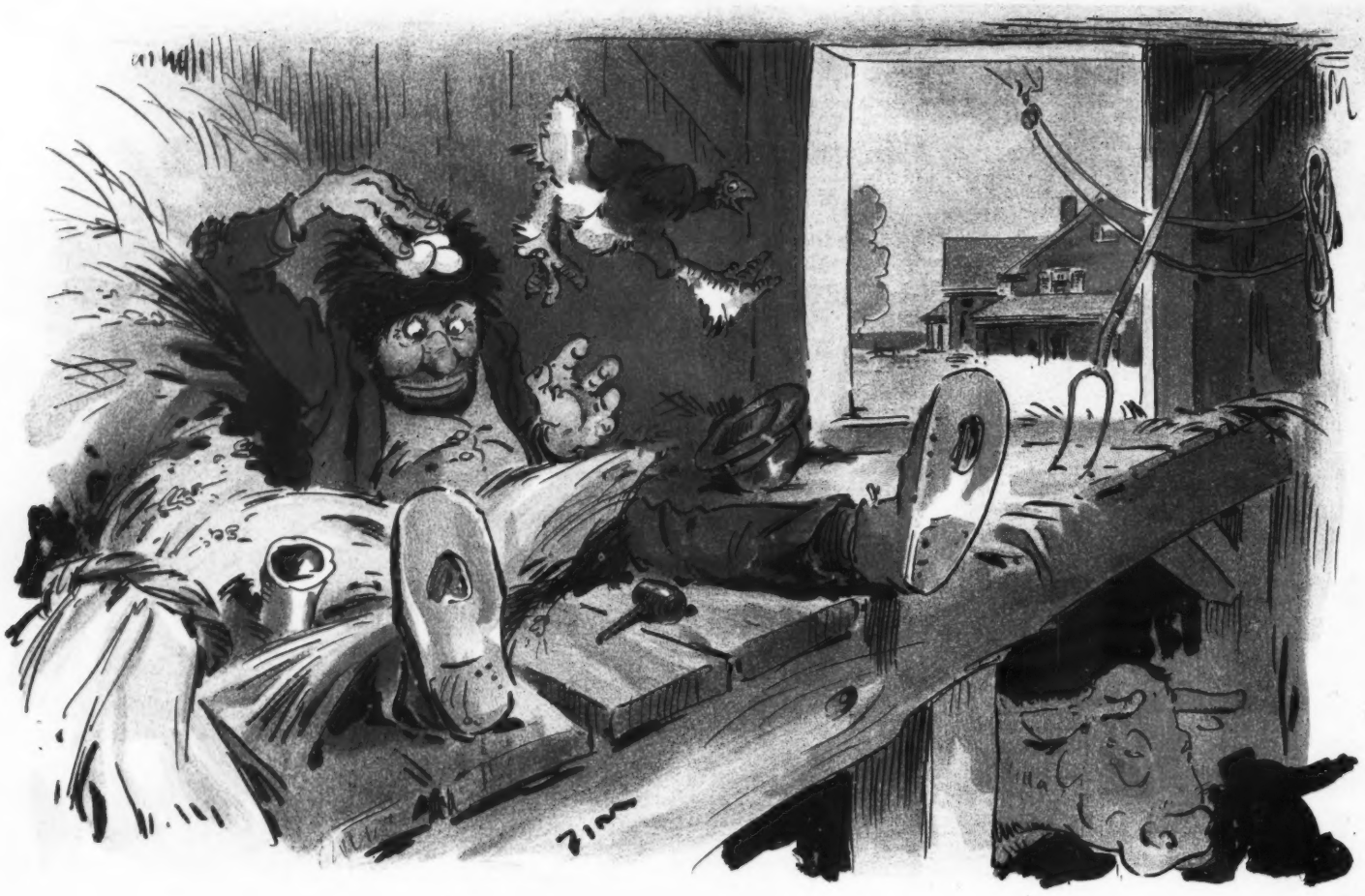

ACCORDING TO THE LOOKS. YES!

LAZY WILKINS (*as he comes to life*)—"Jeeroosalem! I'll bet I've bin sleepin' three whole days."

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